

Christmas.
BY BEN HILL.

To every home in Christendom
A Babe is born today,
For some to worship, some to love,
And some to turn away.

The light His blessed forehead sheds
Is holy, and as bright
As when it lit the manger stall
At Bethlehem in a night.

"Give Me thy love!" the Child doth plead,
Up-smiling in our face,
And as we answer, "He stiles
Our longing, with His grace."

Eternal Child, and Lord of All!
Turn not Thy face away;
But bide with us in household joy
This holy Christmas day.

Oh! we did lose that star, dear Lord,
The precious offering waxes;
For we were prone to loiter, Lord,
Or miss Thee in our haste.

But Thou hast sought for us! We kneel
In reverent love, to pray
Beside the Babe of Bethlehem,
Who comes on Christmas day.

—Y. Independent.

From the Merry Independent.
JOHN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

"Merry Christmas, father! Merry Christmas, mother!" shouted a boy of six years of age—twice six horse power his mother declared—as he came tearing down the stairs, and through the long hall between his bedchamber and the kitchen.

"Merry Christmas! I say, mother. What has old Santa Claus brought me?" and he scrambled upon the woodbox back of the stove and dived his hand down deep into his mother's stocking, which he had taken from her darning basket the night before and pinned to the line, just under the mantelpiece, where she dried the men's mittens in the winter.

"What a noise!" cried his father, stern Deacon Nathan James, raising his head and peering over his spectacles at his youngest child and only son. His Bible, from which he was reading, lay upon his knees, and upon the white pine shelf fitted over the window sill was his prayer book and morning lamp.

Every morning at four o'clock this good man arose, built his fire, lighted his lamp and read, while the good wife slept peacefully in the bed in the recess until five o'clock, then opened her eyes and said:

"I declare, father, you do beat all! I believe you'd get up the night before to read, if I did not keep talking all the time."

As she had said the same thing every morning for about twenty-five years, he was tired of telling her that "the Lord did not prosper sloth," so seldom replied but bent over his Bible until breakfast was ready, or—"which was so provoking!" seen how he went up when decent folks oughter sleep"—as Aunt Katie, his wife, says, he would push his "specs" up onto his forehead, place his leather slipper feet a little nearer the stove, and sleep until called to breakfast. "Mediatin'" he said, but Aunt Katie always answered:

"You needn't say that, father, for it's the only time you meditate so I have to shake you to get you to your victuals."

By this time our noisy boy has examined the contents of his stocking and found a few nuts, some candy, a wonderful doughnut man, and a slate pencil, which is good as far as it goes, but evidently it does not go far enough, as he has poked his head into the clothespress, run his foot under the bed as far as his legs would allow, has been into the store room, and now is pulling at his mother's arm and saying, "Now, mother, it is just mean! you and father know I do want them rubber boots."

"Of course you do, what don't you want?" says his mother, who is turning sausage, and peeping into the coffee pot at the same time, so don't relish the pulling on her arm, and gives a little jerk away from him.

"But, mother, all the other boys has 'em, and you almost promised."

"Well, well, don't bother! I am sorry, but you mustn't think your father is made of money. Just think how many poor little children has no good breakfast this morning."

"Good!" and he kicked the old wood-box spitefully, "sassaage and sour kraut, hap it a month."

"Don't say another word now, or you shan't have a panake," and she raised a basin and showed him a pile of the buttered and sugared dainties just ready to slip down the most delicate throat.

"Hurrah, mother, you're a good 'un! Why don't them lazy gals come? Guess I'll call 'em," and away went those boots through the bare hall with noise enough to waken the "coming woman," and grasping the post head at the beginning of the stair railing, he danced a horripople and sang out, "Panakes for breakfast, you lazy things, come!" then with a whoop he granced back and dragged each chair to the table, with a much flourishing of heels that the iron stool got up, took him by the ear, and he lay in his chair by the table not very gently.

"Wife, that boy grows worse. If you don't correct him he'll come to trouble."

"O'rrect him! O'rrect your colts in the pasture, I'd as lief try," said she.

Soon the two girls, with the hired man, Pete, took their places at the table with the others. The blessing was asked, and before the deacon had raised his head, Johnny's plate was thrust under his nose, with, "Not too much tater, father, 'cause I ain't hungry. Oh, that!" mean "as a large, mealy one, with meat and cabbage, was put upon his plate."

"You'll have room for all the cakes you need," said his father.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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But the mother slyly cut the potato and put half upon her plate, and he had all the cakes he wanted, for he sat behind the coffee pot and by his mother, and the plate of "extra goodies" a little at one side.

The girls saw it all and looked disapprovingly, as they were both cross, and Johnny's noisy mood did not exactly chime in with easy winter napping. And the eldest had been dreaming about life wedding finery, too, and the youngest, perhaps, dreamed of the time when she should have some, for both talked a long while the night before, of Joe and the dress, and the cake, which was to be eaten a week from that day. But they weren't harsh sisters, and knew how mother wanted the boots for Johnny, so said nothing, but let her spoil him.

After breakfast the father, the girls, and Pete go to the milking barn. On most farms the milking is done while some member of the family is getting the breakfast, and probably would be here were it not for the deacon's habit of getting up so early, and Aunt Katie's swiftness. She used to say she "had rather get out of bed a few minutes earlier and have 'em eat before they went to the barn, than to have the whole day before her with all waiting the men's notions."

"What is the matter? Here they all come with empty pails, and the father holds a basket carefully before him which he sets down before the mother with a look that says, "now you manage, I can't."

"What in the world!" says Aunt Katie, and stooping, she lifts out a baby girl, full six months old.

"That beats me," says Pete, slapping his leg with the palm of his hand.

Johnny dances about and says, "A Santa Claus for you, mother! A Santa Claus for you!"

"Shut up!" says Mag, the eldest, "guess mother has got young ones enough with you."

But both deacon and girls look anxious, for they know mother, and dread to hear her confirm their fast growing fears. Just then neighbor B—comes in, wheezy, fat, and clever.

"Have you heard the news, deacon, and Aunt Katy,—ahem, hum. That poor woman who come to the work's a couple of months ago, hem, has been and run away, and drowned herself. Tsché, tsché, tsché, her an' her, or so ago, back—tsché—Yonder in the creek, with her face right down in shallow water, like she tried to kill herself on purpose. Ahem—hum—I shan't breathe at all by and by—but they can't find the young one nowhere."

He had not noticed what Aunt Katy held in her arms in his excitement, and now when she held the baby out towards him his breath seemed about to choke off entirely.

"Bless me! bless me! Katie, tsché—a young one—where?"

"The drowned woman's, I guess," said Aunt Katie solemnly, and her voice told her listeners that how the little babe had found another mother.

Johnny became her knight at once, and coaxed his father to "say yes, quick."

"But you'll have to go without your rubber boots, boy, and share your panakes, for I've got about all I can 'tend to now," said his father.

"All right," shouted Johnnie. "I don't care for rubber boots I guess, and she's too little to eat panakes, ain't she mother?"

The mother smiled, and hugged the baby closer, and so she was taken into as warm a nest as love and plenty could furnish. Plenty, I say, and plenty there was for all needs and many comforts, but there was need of work and nothing to waste.

She was Johnnie's baby from the first, and he nick-named her Brownie, because she was brown-skinned, black-haired and red-lipped—an exquisite bit of coloring, and with plenty of spirit, as they soon saw in the way she kicked her little heels together, and dabbed her pudgy fists into her eyes when she could not have quite everything she wanted.

She grew up a royal child for beauty, and spunk, and crept into the deacon's close, grim life like the warmth of sunshine. Johnny and Aunt Katy spoiled her, the girls said; but it was only on the rarest of occasions, after they had husbands and babies of their own—when baby was teething, or company and thrashing came together—that they begrudged her the share of mother love and petting that was hers.

At such times who could blame them for thinking "how nice it would be to have grandma come and stay all day, if she did not have her hands so full with that wild little Brownie."

Years passed, and Johnnie and Brownie went to school together. Brownie was eager to learn, and the boy was as apt as the best of his playfellows. But he had to spend some time in "boy's savers," so he was twenty before he was ready for college.

Now this boy was his father's cross, and though borne a little proudly, the pride was indulged secretly, as is often the case with these men weaned from worldly ambition.

John was clever, curious, generous, and gay, and loving. He was always getting into scrapes, and always finding ready

forgiveness, and plenty of help out of them. He was not wicked, but unruly and wilful—and the good deacon groaned over these manifestations, as over seeds that might produce a luxurious crop of sin. It is true that John helped to steal a bag of apples from stingy farmer C—'s loaded orchard, just to keep him popping out of bed one rainy night, and I don't know as it made the sin of the theft any less if he did take them to old Tommy Piper, whom the church members would not help because he swore so frightfully; or if when the farmer got upon the right scent, he went to him, owned that he took them, without giving the names of his cronies, and paid the farmer three times the worth of the apples, if he would let Tommy eat them in peace, which the farmer was glad to do, and would willingly have had more stolen at the same rate. Still, I insist that John James was a right down good fellow. Brownie and I always agreed upon that.

But the day came when his trunk stood in the hall, packed with his second best suit of clothes, some good yarn socks and mittens, and a bottle of cough balsam, which Aunt Katie groaned over, knowing well it would be forgotten. Of course a few butternuts, walnuts and apples were stored in one corner, which his college chums laughed at when they saw, but, nevertheless, helped to eat quite greedily.

Sending John to college was considered a reckless defiance of all the good old ways by the neighbors—almost an invoking of the powers of sin and darkness to aid in the boy's downfall. "Did not Satan rage up and down through the world, seeking whom he might devour? And didn't the deacon know the young were prone to folly and waywardness?" The deacon felt sure, though, that the croakers all envied him his boy's prospects, and looked upon their own sons with secret depreciation. He felt an awe of college dignity and its aristocratic, cultured seclusion, and thought John's frivolous tendencies must surely be smothered there—poor, simple man!—so let him go, with more of pride than misgiving on his part.

Aunt Katie beamed, and shone, through tears. "But who couldn't see there was something uncommon in her boy. They might all have expected him to go off in such a grand way, if they hadn't been blind to every day signs," and she smoothed down her apron, and put a thick home-made scarf "right on top of his trunk." The girls thought it all "well enough, but they didn't have such a chance."

Brownie said nothing, but her eyes shone, and cheeks glowed, and how she did box the ears of that "little freckled imp of Petis," for saying "that John James was no better nor other fellows if he had gone off all stuck up with his name shinin' on his trunk." You may be sure his ears smarted just so much the more for the things she didn't say.

After John's first visit home at the end of the first college year, the deacon was most complaisant and patronizing to the farmers and their sons about him; for his son carried himself in a manly way; told his father of the noted divines who were his pulpit teachers, and seemed much less inclined to the forbidden fun of his boyish days.

But on Sundays and rainy days and odd hours—he had to work in the hay-field if he was studying Latin—John and Brownie held long confidential talks. He started her in French, which she was to study by the aid of their letters, while he was away. And he told her of his college friends, and of their pranks, and if she did chide a little, didn't the golden thread of appreciation shine through all their intercourse, and didn't she exult in her ownership of him, and couldn't he see it? Wasn't he her brother? And was there ever such another?

Then he went away again, and kissed his mother and Brownie with tears in his eyes, the dear, lovable fellow. Brownie studied, and grew, and wrote long letters to John, and was happy until one cold, bright morning the following spring, not many weeks before John was to have his second vacation. Brownie remembers it yet. Deacon James came with a letter in his hand, and sat down in his arm chair. Brownie and Aunt Katie were washing dishes, and waited for father to read it, before giving it to them. But he sat a long while, bent over, the letter held in his hand. The mother became impatient. "Well! father, what does John say?" He groaned, but did not answer.

"Father, are you sick?" going hastily to him, and putting her hand upon his shoulder. He raised his head, showing a pale face, and a dazed look, as though just awakened from sleep by a mystery he could not understand.

"Father! father! I am your boy dead?" said the frightened mother.

"Better if he were," said the old man, now arousing himself, a stern, hard look coming into his eyes, and his lips closing tightly. "John has disgraced himself—has brought shame upon us. Wife! do you hear? John has been drunk—drunk—and has been expelled from the college."

"It is a lie!" said Brownie, springing before him; "it's a wicked lie; John is too good."

"Hush, child. Here is a letter from his teacher. I have tried to bring up

the boy in God's way, and have failed through no fault of mine, and God will hold me guiltless if I wash my hands of him."

"Nathan! father! Think what you say. He is your boy."

"Not from this day. He has disgraced me—me who never had cause to bow my head before any but God, until this sin came to my door. I will not uphold him."

"You are cruel," cried Brownie; "you think more now of your proud self than of John's trouble. You will be sorry if you keep mother and me from writing to tell him to come home. Oh! father, can't I write, sobbed she, her anger ebbing out at the thought of John's suffering; "can't I write and tell him to come home. There must be some mistake."

"No," said he sternly. "Do not either of you write to him, and do not speak to me again of him; I forbid it. I will not own him for my son, unless he repents, and makes public confession, and asks the forgiveness of the church, for he is a disgrace to this whole neighborhood. Now let me be quiet. I will write him my decision, and until he consents, will hear no more about him."

"Father," said his wife, her cheeks pale, but as determined as he now that she was fighting for her son; "you need not write, for you-know the boy is proud; you may do as you like, and I cannot have him home if you say he shall not come. But if John writes to me I shall answer him, and if he needs me I shall go to him for a time. He is my boy as well as yours, and you cannot command his mother."

He turned away, but said nothing. He knew she would do as she said. These placid wives, when indignant, have a power of their own, that these grim husbands, if unyielding, are silent before.

That night Brownie sat long by her window, and her wish met with fruition. A low whistle caused her to look down by the lilac bush, and a form she knew to be John's met her gaze. All but her were asleep, so she softly stole to the front door, unlocked it, and flew into John's arms. He led her up the steps and into the lower parlor. Here he sat down and drew her up to his knee. She saw by the bright moonlight that his face was very pale, and, bursting into tears, she threw her arms about his neck.

"Well! John," said she, at last, trying to smile. "Well! Brownie. God knows it is bad enough, but not as bad as you all think. What does father say, and mother?" She told him of the morning talk, and he said:

"Father thinks he's doing right, I suppose, so I'll not see him this time home; but if he would give me a decent chance to explain it, it might be better for us both."

"See him, John, see him," said Brownie, eagerly. "I knew it was a mistake." "Not all a mistake, for I was drunk. But why should the old busy-bodies of the neighborhood trouble their heads about it? They'd be glad of a chance to forgive me, I suppose, but they won't get it, so they are welcome to the same amount of consolation in laughing at me, and I told you so." I am willing to ask father's and mother's forgiveness. As for the rest, I've got to do my own penance, and when I can forgive myself I shan't trouble myself about them. You believe in me, Brownie, don't you?" said he, taking her face between his hands, "and if you will trust me awhile longer you shall have nothing to forgive." "I do trust you, John, and you need not tell me a word about it," said she.

"Tell mother I will come home all right yet," said he, "and if I don't write she mustn't worry about it. For if I do, I know she will answer, and it will only make trouble if father has forbidden it. It is lucky I have money enough to carry me back, and I can clean horses for my board, I suppose, if I can't find anything better."

"Have you no money, John?"

"A very little. I bought a suit of clothes the first of the term, and have paid all my bills. I depended upon a little from father, and on some copying, but now I suppose both will fail me."

"Where will you go, said she, not back there?"

"Yes, back there. I've a character to clear now, and I'll face it out. But don't worry. If I can live until the fall schools begin, I know of a poor little district, not far from the college, that will take me as a teacher, if I am in disgrace. They can't pay a white-kid fellow, and know I was liked where I taught last. I suppose the trustees will give me a lecture on the folly of my ways, and the mothers look me over cautiously before trusting their cherubs to me, and—"

"Don't, John," said Brownie, putting her hand over his mouth. "I've thought about the money. Wait a minute."

While she is out, let me say that in the basket which held her that Christmas morning, when she was introduced so unceremoniously to the deacon's family, was found a fifty dollar bill, around which was wrapped this note: "I don't want my child to go to the poor-house, and this money I have kept hidden from everybody. I never shall be well, and it would not keep us both long; but after I am dead it will help some kind woman

to care for my baby, and will supply her little wants for a time."

No name was signed, and after Aunt Katie had cried over it, the deacon put both note and money away, and late years, when referring to it, had said he should keep it to buy Brownie's "setting out," as her household goods from home, given at her marriage, would be called.

She returned, and putting this money in his hand, said: "It is mine, and you shall have it." "No, no," said he, pushing her hand away, for he remembered the note; "it is like stealing. 'Beside,' said he, laughing lightly, "it is your wedding portion." "I never shall get married," said she, gravely. "I never shall like any one as well as I do you."

She looked very sweet in the moonlight, confessing her innocent, girlish love to John, and moved by an impulse he could not resist, he kissed the upturned face, and said, "My more than sister."

As their eyes met a revelation came to both. "She is not my sister; she may be more," thought the young man. Brownie blushed, then turned pale, and five minutes later could not, for her life, have said, "I never shall like any one as well as you." Her woman's soul was born, that was all.

She said again, "It is mine, and you must take it," putting the money into his hand; "I will speak to father about it."

John was in sore need, and here, in his own home, it seemed but natural that help should be offered him, and that he should accept it. You see, he had none of that lofty scorn that disowned sons are supposed to feel. Perhaps if he could have realized fully that he was disowned, he might have hesitated longer.

"I'm hard up, little girl, that's so. And I don't know what to do if I don't take it," he said. "But you need say nothing to father. I will write to him, and tell him how much I need it; and if he cares in the least about it, I will return it at once, or as soon as I can get work. Good-by, Brownie. Tell mother if I am sick I will write to her."

He did snatch Brownie in his arms, and cover her face with kisses, and although she was bright with burning blushes, she could not even say good-by. How easily youth finds Paradise! The next morning Deacon Nathan went to the drawer where he kept his letters, business papers and money, and found Brownie's money was gone. He stooped to pick up something white from the floor. Good gracious! his son's handkerchief, with his full name in one corner. (Brownie had accidentally carried it in with her and dropped it.) A trembling seized him. His son a thief! He remembers now that, waking from a dream about John, he thought he heard a step in the silent house; but his mind was full of trouble, and he paid no attention to it. A small portrait of his son sits upon the top of the old bureau. He looks at it long and silently, put his lips upon it, then, with an unuttered prayer, put it in the drawer from whence the money was taken, and goes out. That day somebody told him his son was seen to get off the cars at the village depot the night before. He makes no answer except to say, "Keep it from Katie." His informant stares, then, with a shake of his head, concludes he was informed wrongly, and that the deacon is "breaking down fast."

A few days later Brownie saw a letter handed him, in John's handwriting, but she did not see him burn it unopened; so, as no mention was made of it, she thought he did not care for the money, but could not forgive the boy, as his condition was not to be complied with. She thought best not to worry her mother about it, as it would not be helping John; so she told her of his visit, gave his message, and was so cheery about it, that Aunt Katie felt much relieved, and went to dreaming of the time when her boy would come home and "confound his enemies, and them that was hard-hearted toward him."

Months lengthened into years, and now the fourth Christmas since John's last visit home was approaching. Brownie had improved both in person and mind. She had long before left the district school, and had studied much and well with the good old clergyman and his wife. Aunt Katie was as round, and kind, and busy as ever, but the placid countenance was the impress of a sorrow baptized with a God-given peace.

Upon the father's shoulders the years bore heaviest. He had never told his awful secret, that his son was a thief, had never asked about the boy, and they knew but little of the change he was undergoing.

For the last year he had not been strong, and was more about the house and saw more of his socially inclined neighbors. He seemed to care but little for his horses, his farm, and his dairy, now that he had no boy to plan for.

He laid awake nights thinking how great the need must have been that led his frank, honest, brave boy to steal, and the crime if it was almost forgotten in his pity. "And often," Aunt Katie said, "I wake up and see him settin' there in the dead o' night, reading his Bible, and it makes me trouble to have him go on so."

He seemed to be learning thus late in

life, that God, in his perfection of holiness, did not set Himself upon a social mountain top, but was among the people and tried to lead them by love, not fear, or awe of admiration. His pride crumbled before this newly born tenderness. Now he went about, not with the robe of his Christian perfection drawn tightly about him, but speaking kindly to the erring, and counseling patience to the long-suffering.

Christmas Eve he and his good wife went to the old church to hear once again the story of the "Babe born in the manger." The words "Peace on earth, good will to men," held for him a new meaning. He bowed his head and wept. Silently he walked home and sat down in his old arm chair. Brownie came behind him and put her arms about his neck; "I was your Christmas gift once, father; may I give you another?" He caressed her hand in a gentle, absent-minded way. The door opened. "Father!" she said, "look up. John has come."

After this wandering son had been kissed and blessed and cried over, he told them what his college trouble had been. How he bade fair to take the honors of his class, and two of his classmates, through envy, declared that the "country pumpkin must find his level," and set themselves about his ruin as a student. "I knew better," he said "than to take wine with them, but I did, and it was either drugged or mixed, for it upset me, and whether I drank liquor or not, I don't know, but I acted like a drunken madman and the teachers were brought upon the scene at once, and I insulted them, tried to strike one of them, I believe they say, and was expelled."

"I went back, taught near there until I had funds, then went to the professors and told the whole story. There was no reason why I should keep the names of those two rascals quiet and let them have the chance to serve the next student they disliked in the same way. I was pardoned and taken back. My record before that had been clear and it has been since. Here is my diploma, for you father, whom I have given so much trouble."

"But, John, why did you not write to me for money?" The deacon asked the question with a great dread of what was to follow.

"I got along with the fifty dollar Brownie lent me that night," said he looking mischievously at her. "You know I wrote you all about it immediately, to spare her the difficulty of telling you, and as you did not answer, but sent more money to one of the teachers to be given to me, I thought you did not wish me to return it, and was only angry because I was too proud to come home and do as you asked me to."

The deacon felt as if he was suddenly born into a new body. He had told no one of his sending money to John, through his teacher, to melt him into a realization of his crime, as well as to feel himself clear of responsibility; and he did not tell him, now, that his letter was burned unopened. And people do not know to this day what changed the deacon so, or what made him so boyishly happy in his latest years. He rejoiced in his son, and felt that life was none too long to atone for the wrong he had done him in God's sight, or to show his gratitude to God for the chance to atone.

And the next Christmas night, just after the wedding, John said to Brownie: "It is too bad I spent your wedding portion so long ago; now we must set up housekeeping in a dry-goods box, so to make some show with our furniture. But," he said, "you cost me a good deal when you were first put under my care, even my first pair of rubber boots."

ELLICE M. R.

Literary Items.

The Library Magazine of select foreign literature is to be increased to 192 pages monthly, and the type enlarged, for the year 1880. American Book Exchange, New York. \$1.00 a year.

The Life and Words of Christ, by Geikie, heretofore published at \$6.00, is just brought out in a handy volume, good type and handsomely bound, for the price of 50 cents, by the American Book Exchange, New York. A fine edition, wide margins, half Russia binding, gilt top, is sold for \$1.00.

Volume three of the "Library of Universal Knowledge," recently issued, contains 864 pages, covering topics between the words Bire and Caterpillar. The publishers announce that it has already reached a sale of nearly 10,000 copies. American Book Exchange, New York.

The Acme Library of History," as announced by the American Book Exchange, New York, is initiated by a handy and handsome edition of "Millman's Gibbon's Rome," in five volumes, for the small price of \$2.50, complete, neatly bound in cloth. Volume one is just ready, two more are to appear in December, and two in January.

The unabridged \$1.00 edition of Cruden's Concordance, some time since announced as in preparation by the American Book Exchange, New York, is just ready.

General Topics.

Courtney says he is not in a condition to row Hanlan this winter.

Bricks are now selling for \$6 per thousand in Troy. This is a rise of about \$2.50 in about six months.

Jay Gould has taken a ride of 2,200 miles within eight days on railroads controlled by himself.

Though the Hoosac Tunnel traffic has been larger this year than last, the tolls are less because of lower rates.

Kate Field brought from Stratford a slip of Shakespeare's mulberry tree, which she has presented to the Central Park Commissioners.

Reports indicate an increase in the total cotton crop, as compared with last year, of 12 per cent. in Louisiana, 15 in Mississippi and 23 in Arkansas.

The ladies of the anti-polygamy society of Salt Lake City have resolved to petition Congress for the expulsion of Cannon, on the ground of his being a polygamist.

Fourteen thousand six hundred emigrants arrived in New York in November, an increase of 8,900 over the preceding November. Increase since January, 50,000.

Sunday has been the greatest day of the week for the show business in Cincinnati; not only are all the regular theatres open, but several large variety concerns run at no other time. The police have now undertaken to prevent all Sunday entertainments.

The Pennsylvania railroad company has increased the wages of its laborers on the freight wharves from 14 1/2 to 18 cents an hour. The Erie railway has increased the hourly pay of its workmen in freight houses in Jersey City from 15 1/2 to 17 cents an hour.

The House of Representatives Committee on Agriculture has instructed its chairman to report a bill allowing farmers and planters to sell leaf tobacco of their own production to other persons than manufacturers of tobacco without payment of a special tax.

The World has a special from Syracuse stating that Judge George F. Comstock is of the opinion that the Democratic national convention will be forced by the people to nominate Bayard for President. The Judge says that Bayard is the only available man for the nomination.

In a recent speech, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff told his constituents that in Russia, Germany and Austria he had nearly every day (Sir H. had been Government Commissioner in the East) seen soldiers struck in the face by officers. No wonder they emigrate to avoid conscription.

This leading democratic citizen of Richmond county, Va., headed by Chas. Pitts, member of the Legislature, petitioned Judge Jones to include within the jury list such colored citizens as the court thinks well qualified to serve as jurors. They say the step is proper and important, as they believe that this class of citizens is entitled to this representation, which right is the bulwark of all civil liberty. The judge granted the order played for.

During his triumphant progress to Edinburgh and in his speeches there, Mr. Gladstone has proved that though his age be 70 by the Almanac, it is not more than 50 in point of vigor and endurance, and he has abundant mental and physical ability to enter on a fresh campaign as Premier of a Liberal party. At the end of two speeches of three hours' duration, one delivered in the open air, during which he discussed an infinity of subjects, his voice betrayed no tone of faintness, and his nervous frame was as full of life and fire, as strong and bright as when he first stood up.

General Grant is described as now a little more stooped than of old, but as looking "bale and hearty." The Commercial, of Cincinnati, says that he "is not observably gray, not even his thick-set, close-clipped beard giving that first sign of the decline of years. His thick hair clings to his scalp with characteristic tenacity, and his never-kindling eyes have a clear, steady glow, indicating at once perfect physical health and the firm purposefulness of his life. General Grant appears like a comfortably-circumstanced American gentleman in the prime of life."

A curious turn has been given to a law case in Tennessee. A citizen named Birmingham was indicted for holding two colored girls in slavery. He always refused to recognize the abolition of the "peculiar institution," and ever since the war has claimed to own the girls because he owned their mother. United States Judge Hammond quashed the indictment, on the ground that, slavery being abolished, there could be no slaves in the United States, and therefore none could be held as slaves. This, the Judge said, was an offense not provided for by Congress, and not punishable by indictment in federal courts. The defendant was therefore discharged.

—The World says: Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You may know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

—Strawberries in December! This is a luxury that but few printers in this vicinity can boast of, but through the kindness of H.D. Halsey, of Tyler, Texas, we received a box of this delicious summer fruit last week.

—The American Socialist, published at the Oneida Community, will be discontinued at the end of the year on account of lack of outside support and a decreased necessity for that means of defense against the outside public by the community.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Only \$1.50 a year. Send subscriptions to Station M, New York City.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

New York Institution News.

I forbear from more than touching upon the melancholy occurrence that has made this week one of unusual gloom, and which will long be remembered—viz, the death of Prof. Jacob Van Nostrand, of the feelings of sorrow it has given rise to, would but be made to weigh heavier by a needless repetition. His long connection, with Fanwood; his unwavering integrity and conscientious discharge of the arduous duties imposed upon him, combined with a genial disposition, makes our loss a very severe one.

On Sunday a very interesting and appropriate memorial service was held in the chapel. The sermon, delivered by Dr. Peet, was eulogistic of the virtues of him, in commemoration of whose memory it was given. I cannot enter into full details of the exercises, for by doing so I might task the patience of some of your readers, and I fear that the latter portion are in excess of those who would find a full account interesting.

The favorable aspect of the weather as the effect of attracting a large number of visitors; but I abstain from a particular mention of names.

Thursday, the 4th, inst., was the birthday of our beloved Principal. The enthusiastic greeting he received when he made his usual appearance in the chapel in the morning, did not belie the affection in which we are said to hold him. The volley of hand-clappings and other such modes of approving indulged in fairly made the rafters ring. These served both as testimonials of regard, and for an expression of the sincere hopes entertained by all that he would be spared to celebrate many such occasions.

The interesting and powerful satire known as "Gulliver's Travels," was given on Friday evening by Prof. Clarke, who illustrated it with the aid of the stereopticon. A large number of outsiders were present, and the attention of all was held throughout the lecture.

The Evangelical Rowing Association has not as yet held its annual election of officers. Nor is it likely that this event will come off for some time; as the full number of those who are at present enrolled as members have not returned to their posts. The "Evangelical" has been taken from the water and placed in the snug winter quarters prepared to receive her.

On Saturday our Principal, accompanied Prof. Currier, went with a small class of deaf-mutes to Jersey City, where an exhibition was held in which the audiphone played a prominent part. Among the many distinguished guests present was Henry Bergh, President of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

On the same day, the portals of the mansion house were thrown open and a batch of some fifty juveniles were transferred to it. As previously mentioned, they are to be placed under the personal supervision of Mr. Jewell.

The Committee of Instruction spent Monday among us, in inspecting the classrooms and inquiring into other matters connected therewith. Dr. Weston visited personally the High Class room in the afternoon and gave the students a highly interesting, graphic, and amusing account of his travels in Egypt and China. When he arose to take his departure he was tendered a vote of thanks, and upon his languishingly inquiring whether a second visit from him would be acceptable, he was answered by the students in the affirmative.

A couple of the students attended a matinee performance of "Enchantment" at Niblo's on Saturday, and in spite of the rain and the quantity as well as the quality of the mud they had to wade through on their return managed to enjoy themselves.

Mr. Lloyd lectured before the Fanwood Literary Association last week, choosing as his subject one of Fenimore Cooper's Indian tales, entitled "The Last of the Mohicans." The nature of the subject drew a large and appreciative audience, but he was unable to conclude it then owing to lack of time, and consequently it was resolved that he should give the rest at the next regular meeting of the association.

The Hare and Hounds Club had a very exciting chase on the preceding Saturday. On this occasion the Hounds came off victorious, and with flying colors—a very laudable achievement. The consequence of this victory was an oyster dinner tendered the victorious Hounds by the vanquished Hares, and to the bountiful repast of bivalves one and all did full justice.

Stilt-walking is becoming popular among some, and jumping and kindred sports among others, though it cannot be said that the proficiency shown so far by the former is of a nature very edifying to spectators though perhaps satisfactory to themselves.

The want of a proper place where indoor sports can in safety be indulged in is being more and more felt as the accommodations for such recreations are being slowly but surely narrowed in compass by the addition of fresh arrivals. There is no visible objection to having a gymnasium built as there is plenty of room for the safe carrying out of such a project, if contemplated, unless it be the mere matter of expense. But even this item would be amply repaid by the good results which would eventually follow and many other things to numerous to mention, with which we are now but partly acquainted. As it is we must let the matter stand.

I have nothing else of interest to

record, as the past few days have not been very profuse in incidents occurring out of the usual routine.

GOOSE QUILL.
New York, Dec. 12, 1879.

NEWS FROM GEORGIA.

CAVE SPRING, Ga., Dec. 11, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I want to give you some interesting news. We are very much pleased with your worthy paper, since it contains so much information relating to the deaf-mute world. We are very glad that the circulation of your paper is increasing rapidly. We hope you will meet with great success.

Last summer Professor Jas. Fisher and lady took a trip to Atlanta and Noeross, remaining about six weeks. They then went to Rockmart, Ga., and visited Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Davis (deaf-mutes.) Then they returned to this institution. They had a nice visit.

Mr. S. M. Freeman after a pleasant sojourn among his friends in the North returned to his duties last September. All the pupils were very glad to see him again.

Mr. Styles Phillips, who graduated here last June, visited this institution Thanksgiving day. He says he is doing very well at the shoemaking trade. He also keeps a small grocery. He lives at Livingston, Ga. He will subscribe for the JOURNAL.

Our teacher, Jas. S. Davis, has a large farm. He has 51 beehives and 97 sheep. He says he will have 500 sheep and lambs and 200 beehives.

Mr. W. H. Holland was married to Miss Sallie McLeod, in Dirltown, Ga., last week. They are a good couple.

Professor W. S. Johnson was at his home in this village, and staid about three months. He has gone to Talladega, Ala. His duty is to teach at the institution.

I received a welcome letter from Mr. L. A. Palmer, who is at college in Washington, D. C. He will come to see us next June. We shall be glad to see him.

We think that Professor Job Turner will come here soon. We would like to see him again.

We prefer Cincinnati as the place for the deaf-mute convention. It is the central city of the Union, and deaf-mutes can come from the North, East, South and West. We hope that it will have a large majority.

We had a nice time Thanksgiving day, and had a good dinner. Superintendent W. O. Connor treated us to candies, raisins, almonds, apples, etc., we were very much obliged to him for his kindness.

The boys will give up playing baseball because it will soon be cold. At present we are enjoying what is commonly called an Indian Summer. A pupil has joined the Methodist Church. Some girls will join the Baptist Church next summer. We hope we shall have a Christmas tree. All the pupils and the officers are very well. I hope you will be pleased to read it. I wish you a "Happy New Year."

Yours truly,
A PRINTER.

Michigan Deaf-Mute News.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Whooping cough at the Flint Institution.

Harry Zimmerman, of Flint, has gone to East Saginaw to engage as a compositor on the *Bulletin*, which was started recently.

John Ansbrow, Jr., one of the unmarried graduates, has bought a lot of land near the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Flint for \$300, and thereon he will build a dwelling-house next year. He expects a great deal of future happiness.

"It is very nice to be a father." So thinks the hearing teacher at the Institution.

I noticed in the *Deaf-Mute Mirror* of the 5th inst., that James St. John was run over by the cars, and instantly killed, at Kohomo, Ind., on the 24th ult. He was a former pupil of the Michigan Institution. He was a traveling book agent. It will be remembered by the *Mirror* readers that this man was struck and run over by the express last year on the Grand Rapids & Indian RR., and was seriously injured. I would advise mates to walk on the track and they will be happy, oh, indeed! (?) and have some fun.

I am informed that John Ewen, a cabinet maker by trade and a former pupil of the institution, was married to a hearing lady last week. Success and joy to them.

George Hunter, Preston Perry and Edward VanEvert, of Detroit, talk of coming down and visiting the Flint school on Christmas.

Mr. Thomas Page, the foreman of the shoe and boot department of the institution, said the other day: "Ain't I a happy father? Oh, don't you wish me joy!" A healthy boy at his residence on the 6th inst. "Treat cigars, Mr. Page."

Now Prof. T. L. Brown is the oldest teacher in the Flint Institution. He came from Hartford to Michigan twenty years ago—twenty-one years the 10th of next March, two days before the writer was born. He had been at the Hartford Asylum only six years, and has been deaf and dumb since his birth. I believe that T. L. Brown has taught over 200 pupils since he came.

They have a Bible class at the Institution which was organized last October. They have never had one before. Prof. Thos. MacIntire is their leader and teacher.

William Brennan, formerly of New York and a former teacher of the Flint Institution, was struck by the express on the M. C. RR., between Kalamazoo and Jackson last year, and thrown on

the fence. He had his head fearfully hurt, and was brought to a hotel where his wounds were dressed.

C. C. COLBY.
Flint, Mich., Dec. 14, '79.

OMAHA LETTER.

MY VOYAGE—PERSONALS—NATIONAL CONVENTION—ITEMS—OMAHA, ITS PROSPECTS—THE FUTURE "EMPIRE CITY OF THE WEST."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It seems that I should be thankful to the "weather-clerk" because he has to-day put on such inclement weather that I can not stand it out of doors, so I should stay at my room to write a letter for your readable paper. I know that a few of your numerous readers are, perhaps, very anxious to hear from me; and though I am very willing to write now, yet this letter seems unworthy of publication, for want of any good incident from the hands of deaf-mutes I should have met. From the beginning of my journey to the end, I met no deaf-mute. But "what I saw in my journey and my acquaintances and chats with my new friends" must be what I am to write down.

After a general handshaking and long embraces, I left my home on the 21st of October last, at Watkins, where I reluctantly parted with the world-renowned Glen and lovely Seneca Lake. Then I was not feeling well, also not confident that good would come to me in the West; in my heart joy being very often mingled with sorrow, and believing three days would find me a lone deacon sitting on the cold seat throughout the journey. But oh! they were not so. The next day, and day by day found me in better and better spirits, as I have made a good many friends and my two blank-books were consumed by our lead pencils. They meant to encourage me by their counselling words, and I could not thank them fully.

Soon we crossed the Portage (N. Y.) Bridge, the highest bridge in the State, and I felt a great interest in this wonder. At Buffalo, we changed cars for Suspension Bridge. Crossing the Suspension Bridge, at length I surveyed the wonder to my full satisfaction, and indeed it was an exciting sight and many passengers rose up and came to this side in great confusion to watch the majestic falls.

After a change at Suspension Bridge I took the G. W. R. R. for Detroit. I had been expecting to ride via Lake Erie, but to my great pleasure, the cars ran around via Hamilton, Canada, and I liked it much. Nearing Hamilton, we found the new Welland Canal, at Manitoba, under the spade and trowel. Its beauty and shape are not surpassed by any in America. But I felt pity for the poor tax-payers in estimating its enormous cost. Soon we reached Hamilton. Stepping out on the platform I surveyed the city for a while, after which I decided it to be very beautiful.

Soon it was out of sight, and the cars ran at the rate of three miles in four minutes, through a country very much admired, on account of beautiful landscapes and many beautiful and green winter wheat fields, rolling on for miles. As day deepened I found a new friend, by the name of Thomas F. Craft, of Detroit. He was agent for the Hoosac Tunnel Railroad, and said that he had had twenty-five years' constant travel over this country. I learned that he had a couple of his toes cut off on this track. We used the new double-hand alphabet pretty well. On inquiry, he replied that he had learned it from his fourteen-year-old mute daughter, whom he lost by death many years ago. Since then he did not use that alphabet. It seemed that he could not remember it for so long an interval, and congratulated him, for we had been talking on the system very well, that his memory was, indeed, very good.

At sunset the cars stopped at Little London for supper, and the air was richly perfumed with either whale or kerosene oil, and we had to stop our nostrils sometimes. To my gladness the cars now left the "coily" city in a hurry and Detroit was the next station. Late in the evening we reached Windsor, O. W., and the custom revenue register came in, calling up my lunch-box. I lifted it up to him, and he marked x on it, and whew! I was then a smuggler, but a good and honest boy. Soon the cars went into a ferry-boat for Detroit. I chanced to sit opposite the machinery in the boat. The machinery was very fine work, and we were very much interested to see the works. At Detroit, I took the Michigan Central Railroad for Chicago. The rails are all of steel; the track is 284 miles long and full of freight and passenger trains day and night; and no person was killed on the track for twenty-five years. The railroad is entitled to signal honor.

Thursday morning found us at Chicago, the "Empire City of the West," changing cars for St. Joseph, Mo., via Quincy. I had not time enough to spend in Chicago, to meet some intelligent and prominent gentlemen, and also it is not necessary for me to say anything of Chicago because the world knows that well. Leaving there, we found the prairie rolling on for many hundreds of miles; dotted with windmills, and I saw a good many black fat hogs and many cornfields of one hundred acres and upwards. The next morning we got out at St. Joseph, Mo., and having four hours to wait, I strolled through the streets. I decided this to be a very homely city, much nuisance was smelt in the air and very few fine horses but many kicking mules were to be seen. I took dinner at the Bacon House. I asked the clerk if he knew any of our class residing in the city and would introduce me to them, for I was very earnest to see them.

He replied that he never knew such a thing, believing that there were no mutes in the city. I criticised him badly; "Why?" Rev. A. W. Mann, a deaf-mute missionary, and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet were advertised to preach to the deaf-mutes as well as the hearing in this city the other day. Then I bet him that I could find about ten mutes if I should stay there longer, he blushed, and now a flea is nailed on his forehead. Some of the resident mutes should call on him and consult him about it.

After dinner I took the cars for Council Bluffs, Ia. In the evening I arrived at Council Bluffs, where I was met by my cousin, Mr. Charles M. Hurl, whom I had never seen before. He is an attorney and counsellor-at-law. Saturday found me hopefully sitting in the law-office, reading papers and occasionally looking out on the main thoroughfare. At last catching a glimpse of Prof. Simpson and Prof. Zorabauh walking across the street. I called their attention by waving my handkerchief. They duly came in and a warm greeting ensued.

On Monday I visited the D. and D. Inst., being a guest of Prof. Simpson. I spent about two hours there; I could not stay longer, for I was obliged to be out of town to look after my interests. I was at Mission Valley for three days, when a telegram called me down to Omaha where I would get a steady job on the *Omaha Daily Herald*. Then I went down there. At last I struck a very good place, and then took Omaha for my residence for one or two years. But my *real* home is in Salem, Richardson Co., Nebraska. I am very glad, for Providence led us to find a homestead in that county where about thirty deaf-mutes live. I greatly wish and strongly expect to organize and establish a literary society for the deaf-mutes.

I visited the Nebraska Deaf and Dumb Inst. regularly for the purpose of attending Prof. Gillespie's gospel sermons and chatting with the inmates. The institution is situated in a hilly country, about three miles northwest of the city of Omaha. There are about sixty-four pupils in attendance, and four teachers are captains, ordering the soldiers, (or the pupils) to fight a good fight with "ignorance." Prof. Gillespie is the principal and steward of the institution, declaring himself to be their commander-in-chief, and the institution to be the "fort," and the general orders to the soldiers to "hold the fort."

The other day, I was standing on the steps of the *Herald* office, and chanced to catch a glimpse of two ladies talking with the hand, and their white hands were glittering in the sunshine. Afterwards I learned that one of them was Mrs. Buchanan, of St. Louis, Mo., and she was to remain in this city until after New Year's Day when she will go back home. She will no doubt have a nice time during her sojourn here.

The subject of the National Deaf-Mute Convention was well-taken, and most of the interested wished that the convention should take place in the city of Chicago next summer. They are advised to cast their choice in the list appearing in your columns. I told them that Syracuse was a very good place and they could enjoy themselves by visiting the Thousand Islands. Now I will write choice—"Russell Smith, of Nebraska, Syracuse, N. Y., August 25th," and you will please put it in the list. But I will admit that if a majority should select Cincinnati, I shall be satisfied, but I shall perhaps visit New York again.

Mr. E. Buckley is a happy man and his new wife is by his side. He edits and publishes the *Mute Journal of Nebraska* every month. The paper is a very spicy and readable sheet.

Mr. W. G. Marshall, of Lincoln, Neb., was one of my callers recently. He handed a business card to me, and I found that he was a manufacturer of boots and shoes; and was very glad he had been doing a good business, and I wished him abundant success in that enterprise.

It has been whispered in the rounds at Council Bluffs that a professor and a lady will be united in matrimony next fall. We wish them much happiness and their share of the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*. I spent Thanksgiving Day at Blair, Neb., with my uncle, Eugene S. Willis, proprietor of City Hotel. I had not seen him for some fifteen years, and we could not recognize each other, until the register told me, and subsequently he found me out.

Omaha has five dailies and fourteen weeklies, besides a dozen or more monthly prints. It is a very beautiful although rough city, and one can take a nice drive here in fair weather. Omaha was a hamlet twenty-five years ago, with less than a score of hardy, enterprising pioneers, unknown to the outside world; to-day a proud commercial city of over twenty-seven thousand inhabitants with fifty schools and colleges, thirty churches, with public buildings, business blocks and private residences, the would reflect credit on the older cities in the East; and it is the center of the great railway system of the West—its geographical position affording it advantages which no amount of competition can wrest from it; in fact, the next twenty years will witness a development in the growth and commerce of the city more marked than what has been witnessed during the past twenty years; and it should give one more and prompt suggestion that Omaha will outstrip St. Louis in twenty years. These advantages remind me that I should correct Mr. Pimm's opinion as to life in the West. In his reply to a rumor that he proposed to move out and settle in Nebraska, he unjustly criticised our new State in an issue of the *JOURNAL*, concluding that he could

not live in such a State where barbarism and lonesomeness reigned. This opinion is not true, because I have found good civilization rapidly progressing in the West, and the people very clever. They are all Easterners, and I have been making many new friends every day. He is well enough where he is now, and it is perhaps all right if he cannot "break up that wild colt" I fear that space will not permit me to write any more; but in conclusion I wish you and all of your readers and subscribers a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and many of them will be glad to learn that I have taken Nebraska for my residence for one year or two, and are invited to direct letters to my name, Omaha, Nebraska, Care the "*Herald*," and I will be always ready to answer them.

Yours respectfully,
RUSSELL SMITH.
Omaha, Neb., Dec. 7th, 1879.

1880. THE 1880. SILENT PEOPLE.

THE DEAF-MUTE NEWSPAPER.

Independent in Every Thing--Neutral in Nothing.

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It is no PARTY PAPER. It is the Friend of the Deaf-Mutes; the Defender of their rights; the Enemy of fraud and dishonesty; the Advocate of reform and honesty. It is a FEARLESS PAPER, seeking only the Truth.

Friends, we do not compel you to subscribe for our paper, of course, but we will let it speak for itself, and if you are satisfied, then please send subscription money. It is sold for four cents a copy, 60 cents six months or \$1.00 a year invariably in advance.

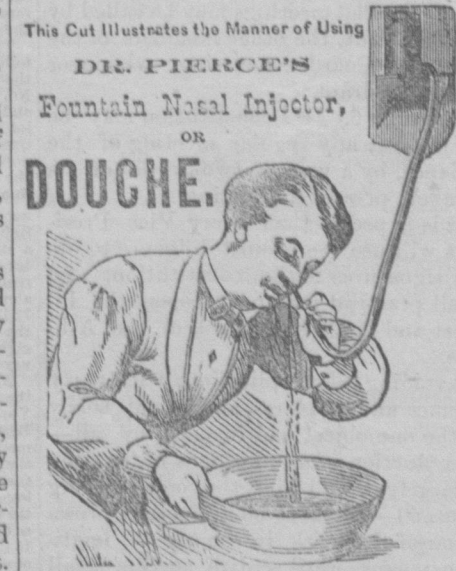
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Send in your name immediately to enable us to forward you the first specimen copy of the SILENT PEOPLE which will be issued about December 20th, 1879. Give your name, town, county and State plainly to avoid mistakes.

NOTICE.

Miss Annie Bentz, of York, Pa., a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution and a first class seamstress, is desirous of obtaining work in that line in any institution for deaf-mutes. For her ability as a seamstress she has good recommendation, and is ready to go at the first call.



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It is the only form of instrument yet invented with which mild medicine can be carried to all parts of the affected nasal passages, and the chambers or cavities communicating therewith, in which sores and ulcers frequently exist, and from which the catarrhal discharge generally proceeds. The want of success in treating Catarrh heretofore has arisen largely from the impossibility of applying remedies to these cavities and chambers by any of the ordinary methods. This obstacle in the way of effecting cures is entirely overcome by the invention of the Douche. Its use is pleasant and so simple that a child can understand it. Full and explicit directions accompany each instrument. When used with this instrument, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures recent attacks of "Cold in the Head" in a few applications.

DR. SAGE'S Catarrh Remedy, when used with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Injector, and accompanied with the constitutional treatment which is recommended in the pamphlet that wraps each bottle of the Remedy, is a perfect specific for this catarrhal disease. It is mild and pleasant to use, containing no strong or caustic drugs or poisons. The Catarrh Remedy is sold at 50 cents, Douche at 60 cents, by all Druggists.

R. F. PIERCE, M. D., Prop'r., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE WORLD FOR 1880.

DEMOCRATS everywhere should inform themselves carefully alike of the action of their party throughout the country and of the movements of their Republican opponents. A failure to do this in 1876 contributed greatly to the loss by the Democracy of the fruits of the victory fairly won at the polls.

THE YEAR 1880 promises to be one of the most interesting and important years of this crowded and eventful century. It will witness a Presidential election which may result in re-establishing the Government of this country on the principles of its constitutional founders, or in permanently changing the relations of the States to the Federal power. No intelligent man can regard such an election with indifference.

THE WORLD, as the only daily English newspaper published in the city of New York which upholds the doctrines of constitutional Democracy, will steadily represent the Democratic party in this great canvass. It will do this in no spirit of servile partisanship, but temperately and firmly. As a newspaper THE WORLD, being the organ of no man, no clique and no interest, will present the fullest and the fairest picture it can make of each day's passing history in the city, the State, the country and the world. It will aim hereafter, as heretofore, at accuracy first of all things in all that it publishes. No man, however humble, shall ever be permitted truly to complain that he has been unjustly dealt with in the columns of THE WORLD. No interest, however powerful, shall ever be permitted truly to boast that it can silence the fair criticism of THE WORLD. During the past year THE WORLD has seen its daily circulation troubled and its weekly circulation pushed far beyond that of any other weekly newspaper in the country. This great increase has been won, as THE WORLD believes, by truthfulness, enterprise, ceaseless activity in collecting news and unfaltering loyalty to itself and to its readers in dealing with the questions of the day. It is our hope and it will be our endeavor that THE WORLD'S record for 1880 may be written in the approbation and the support of many thousand more of new readers in all parts of this Indissoluble Union of Indestructible States.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged, and are as follows:
Daily and Sundays, one year, \$10; six months \$5.50; three months, \$2.75.
Daily, without Sundays, one year, \$8; six months, \$4.25; three months, \$2.25; less than three months, \$1 a month.
THE SUNDAY WORLD, one year, \$2.

Reviews and "College Chronicle," one year, \$1.50.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY WORLD (Tuesday and Friday)—Two DOLLARS a year. TO CLUB AGENTS—An extra copy for club of ten; the Daily for club of twenty-five.

THE WEEKLY WORLD (Wednesday)—One DOLLAR a year. TO CLUB AGENTS—An extra copy for club of ten, the Semi-Weekly for club of twenty, the Daily for club of fifty.

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TO MARCH 5, 1881. This will include the Presidential campaign and the inauguration of the next President.

Old subscribers who send \$1 before December 28, for a renewal of their subscription for 1880, will receive THE WEEKLY WORLD to March 5, 1881, without missing a number.

This Offer will be Withdrawn DECEMBER 29.

Address THE WORLD, 35 Park Row, New York City.

A WELL KNOWN LADY ESCAPES THE GRAVE, AND PRAYS FOR HER DELIVERER.

SPASMS.

Mrs. S. A. McIlwain, of Fergusonville, Delaware county, N. Y., writes: "Only a few days before I commenced using the 'Favorite Remedy,' in one of my spasms and sinking spells, my friends thought I was dead, and gave up the attempt to restore me to consciousness I am confident that if I had not taken your medicine during my periods of critical illness I should never have recovered. That the Lord may bless you and increase your means of doing good is my daily prayer, and may many yet unborn praise the 'Favorite Remedy' and its discoverer."

THE RUBY LIVER.

To keep the blood pure, is the principal end of inventions and discoveries in medicine. To this object probably no one has contributed more signally than Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., in the production of a medicine which has become famous under the title of the "Favorite Remedy." It removes all impurities of the Blood, regulates the disordered Liver and Kidneys, cures Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to Females.

When inquiring of your druggist for this new medicine, avoid mistakes by remembering the name, Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," and the price, which is only one dollar a bottle, and that the Doctor's address is Rondout, N. Y.—Ed.

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THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S

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In consequence of this perfect harmony of parts the machine WEARS EVENLY, and this is WHY the "Singer" Machine is famous for OUTLASTING all other machines.

Thus the purchaser of a Genuine Singer Sewing Machine not only gets the BEST MADE, MOST EASILY UNDERSTOOD, and STRONGEST machine in the world, but one that WILL LAST LONGER than any other sewing machine ever invented, and

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THE public are cautioned against imitations. Those who, attracted by the great reputation and success of our Machines, are endeavoring to palm off on purchasers an inferior Machine, made after the old pattern of the Singer Machine, but entirely wanting in that completeness of finish and durability which has made the Singer Machine so famous.

These counterfeit Machines will prove poor investments to those who, unfortunately, may be induced to buy them, because, 1st, they will not work as well as our better made Machines; 2d, they will not last as long, and 3d, they are made after a model which this Company abandoned several years ago, and even if as well made, would be greatly inferior to the New Singer Family Machine. To guard against this imposition see that you purchase only from our authorized agents, and remember that every genuine Singer Machine has our Trade Mark (given on the arm of the Machine).

BEWARE OF BOGUS AGENTS! BEWARE OF SPURIOUS MACHINES!

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